

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

SHOP TALK By Derek Hebenton

Big Night for "TALLY HO"

ALTHOUGH the company of H.M. S-M "Tally-Ho" have undoubtedly had many gala nights individually, the party given for them by the staff of Potter Rax was Gala Night for "Tally-Ho" en bloc.

But first let's go back a bit. The streets round Shepperton Road, Islington, where the factory is situated, streamed with matelots that afternoon when a goodly number of the crew visited Potter Rax to look round the works.

The canteen was in constant use throughout the afternoon and flowed liberally with something decidedly better than milk and honey!

There was singing and dancing to a piano played by an habituee of Potter Rax, and A.B. Ken Lockyer was deservedly given a hand for his fine rendering of "You Fascinating You," together with Miss Rosie Bryant, a very vivacious young lady who remained well to the fore throughout the proceedings.

About 5.30 p.m. everyone trickled out of the factory to the "Trafalgar" in Southgate Road, after which a lorry transported "Tally Ho" to Stoke Newington Town Hall for the real festivities.

THE Town Hall had a bar and early-comers installed themselves in corner-seats near it.

L.-S. Stan Hawkey and L.-Tel. George Backman were prominent here at the beginning of the evening, but later, when Lt. J. Steadman had handed round cigars, the atmosphere got too thick and nothing was prominent!

I found A.B. Arthur Bulless with his wife and sister-in-law, Miss Gladys Lamb, chin-wagging with Ron Richards and the almost Mrs. Richards. Several attempts were made to get Ron on the dance floor, and I am assured this was accomplished eventually, but I didn't witness this achievement.

Talking of dancing reminds me... winners of the outstanding (because of the prizes) competition of the evening were Sto. Frank "Rivet" Hall and his sister, Joyce. The prizes were a bottle of Scotch for the gentleman and a bottle of port for the lady. Sto. Hall obviously believes in keeping things in the family.

The presentation of the plaque went off without apparent hitch, although Lt. "Jackie" Warner seemed decidedly hot about it all.

Mr. George Raxworthy, Chairman of the Works Canteen Committee, accepted the bronze plaque on behalf of the staff of the Potter Rax Gate Company from Lt. Warner, who officiated in place of Cmmdr. Bennington, who was unfortunately unable to attend.

Ploughing through the packed humanity in the bar I came upon Sto. Bill Illsley executing a mixture of "Knees Up Mother Brown" and "Booms a Daisy" with several girls from the Factory.

Nobody could deny that it was Gala Night for "Tally-Ho," and a rip roaring good time was had by all, as they say.

NOT content with the party at Stoke Newington, the boys from "Tally-Ho" carried on where they had left off the night previously when they visited Denham Studios the following day.

A party for them was thrown by Stewart Granger, and Phil Shipway did everything possible to make them feel at home. He acted as host all through, meeting the party at the station and conducting them on their tour of the studio.

After lunch in the studio restaurant, "Tally-Ho" watched Celia Johnson acting

a scene from "Brief Encounter," and later were photographed on the set with the star.

More visits to sets and another visit to the restaurant were also included in the programme, which, needless to say, was pretty well enjoyed.

"I'm living on borrowed time, for I've been too lucky. My ticket should have been punched long ago," says Lieut. Alan Moreton, R.C.N.V.R., "I'm

the only one still living of a group of volunteers who offered their services when the two-man submarines went into operation."

"Mort" Moreton saw service successively in an armed merchant cruiser which was sunk in action, in a destroyer credited with the destruction of an enemy submarine, in the Channel with one of the M.T.B. flotillas that took part in coast raids and reconnaissance sorties, and 18 months of action with the two-man submarine fleet.

Lieut. Charles Bonnell, D.S.C.,

R.C.N.V.R., was also associated with Moreton in this work. They made several successful raids together, and, says Moreton, "when it came to daring feats, and when chances were one in a thousand, Chuck was the first one to offer his services." Bonnell met his death in the Mediterranean on New Year's Eve, 1942.

"Chuck and I were the only two Canadians with the two-man submarines when they first were put into operation," added Moreton. "They asked for volunteers, and as things were getting a bit quiet we decided to take a go at it."

THE London Gazette publishes the following awards; "Good Morning" adds congratulations.

For great courage, daring and devotion to duty whilst serving in H.M. Submarines in the Far East:

D.S.C.

Temp. Sub-Lieut. Anthony William Charles Eldridge.

D.S.M.

Temp. P.O. Wilfred Stanley Smith; Acting Temp. P.O. Sidney Woolcott; O.S. Albert Frank Brown.

Too Many Swappers and Hoarders Says Maurice Bensley

NEVER has the urge to hoard and swap, or both, flourished so much as it does to-day. Examine the small advertisement columns of almost any provincial or overseas newspaper, and you will find announcements of strange things that people own, but want to get rid of for something else, often equally queer.

"I have a fine, 15-year-old parrot," says one "small ad." "He will sing, whistle, talk, bark like a dog, drink from a bottle, and feed himself with a spoon. Will exchange for a good fishing outfit."

Says another: "Will swap complete works of Shakespeare for a copy of 'Gone With the Wind' and some old cookery books."

And some more, in brief: "Dress suit, good condition, for a cocker spaniel." "Ten fan-tailed pigeons for a double-barrelled shot-gun." "Old joke books, an intelligent puppy, or something else, for a matched set of old sterling silver." "Who wants two perfectly good gold teeth for a set of old coins to start a collection?"

In a great degree the oddness of these advertisements is explained by a mania for collecting. Of course, most collectors fall for the more obvious commodities, like old china, coins, antique furniture, stamps.

Yet a passion for acquiring even the more normal things is often dictated by their unusual aspects.

Did you know, for instance, that the first postage stamp in the world was British—the Black Penny? That one stamp has realised £7,343. That collectors have been known to carry their hobbies to strange extremes? For example, a Farnborough enthusiast utilised his enormous collection for the wallpapering of several rooms of his house.

But stamps and their ilk are strictly orthodox commodities. An increasing number of collectors are attracted by much less usual but often far more fascinating things. Thousands

of American soldiers are hunting up old threepenny-bits—the smallest coin—having them strung into bracelets, and sent home to girl-friends.

A surprising number of folk account themselves paper-weight connoisseurs, and will pay from £5 to £100, according to age and type, for these elegant glass toys, which incorporate designs ranging from brilliant butterflies and snakes to miniature snowstorms and delicate bowls of fruit. The finest glass paper-weights hail from France, the earliest and rarest bearing dates from 1846.

I've heard of one woman—there are probably hundreds more, and perhaps men as well—who collects salt cellars and pepper pots of varying designs. Altogether, she has 271 sets. And a year ago died G. F. Quartermain, an Air Ministry official, whose lifetime collection of railway tickets, issued by 243 separate companies, totalled 10,000.

Hosts of people are amassing sizeable collections of brashes and swingers—those shining brass ornaments adorning the foreheads and martin-gales of owner-proud draught-horses, and which become rarer and rarer as the farm and dray horse are ousted by the truck and tractor.

The origin of these attractive emblems is in the superstition of the past, and the average carter knows little of the mystic lore embodied in the divers designs, though he may spend long hours polishing them clean, all for pride in his team.

But the collector makes it his business to ferret out the intriguing explanations of the varying designs, each originally fashioned as a charm to protect from specific types of evil spirit the cherished beast which was so much a part of the life of folk of the Middle Ages and before.

The number of designs still available has been estimated to be as many as 1,500.

Akin in collector-temperament to the horse-brass enthusiast are those who fall for buttons. Infinitely diverse is the range of button types through the ages, and a good collection can be worth a considerable sum.

King Louis XIV of France started it. He had a perfect passion for buttons, during his lifetime accumulating several thousands. In a single year his hobby cost him £120,000.

The oldest, rarest, and therefore most valuable, are those made of gold and coloured glass, but there are also scores of more modern type, to fascinate the collector.

The materials of which these are made include horn, bone, silver, steel, copper, vegetable ivory, hard wood, mother-of-pearl, even snail shell, tigers' teeth, and elephants' toe-nails.

To a modern collection might be added such present-day oddities as the black-out luminous button and the magic press-buttons that put in motion far-afield wonders of electric and wireless science.

The item of one remarkable array, in which the owner professed his greatest pride, was an indispensable button which once adorned the waistcoat of a famous orator—I think it was Lloyd George—for no other purpose than to be fiddled with as an aid to lucid speech.

BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish... BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.

Address: "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



Fish Came Off the Menu for A.B. Charles Andrews

THERE was one day for sure when fish was off the menu at 148, Packington-street, Islington, N.1.

Your mother was at the door with her hat and coat on ready to join on the end of the queue at the fish-monger's, but instead she decided to stay and give us a picture and some home news for you, A.B. Charles Andrews.

She and Dad are very well, and Joey was singing gaily in the sunshine, so we gathered he was well too.

Fred is on his way home, and your Mother had just cleaned up his skates for him—together with yours. She's looking forward to the time when she can see you both going out together to Alexandra Park for an evening's skating again.

Everyone at home joins in that wish.

Renee, who comes to see your Mother whenever she has a letter from you, is well and sends you all her love.

She hopes it won't be long before you can go swimming together once more.

Mum said you must be sure to let her know when you're coming home, so that she can start hoarding her shillings for the meter. Meanwhile, the radio is mostly silent, conserving its strength for your return. There are three footnotes to your news from home, Charlie—Your Mother gave them to us as we were leaving.

She told us Dad thinks the "North Pole" will still have something in the barrel by the time you get back—if you look sharp about it; also that Renee thinks specially of you every time she goes to the Blue Hall in Upper-street.

And from Mum herself. Comes the universal wish for your speedy return, together with a request. She says, "What about some more almonds, Charlie?" So, what about it, sailor?

Look Out For These No. 2—The Cicada— A Thorny Problem

"Happy the Cicadas' lives,
For they all have voiceless
wives."

THIS couplet was written by a Greek poet, Xenarchus, about the male Cicada, which "sings" while the female is silent.

Various attempts have been made to describe the sound made by this insect. It has been likened to such widely-different noises like the whistle of a locomotive, the whirr of a distant threshing machine, and the croaking of frogs in a pond.

The Cicada is found in America—or, perhaps, under America, because all its larval state is spent beneath ground.

At present the longest-lived insect known, its subterranean activities extend over a period varying from thirteen to seventeen years (according to the warmth of the climate); and during this time it feeds solely on roots, for which it may penetrate to a depth of ten to twelve feet.

When the almost complete Cicada comes to the surface, it attaches itself to the thorny stem of a plant. This is one of Nature's masterpieces of camouflage.



Its shell-like skin splits along the back and the full-grown Cicada emerges. It now has four transparent wings, and sports a vivid black and yellow colouring.

To make up for its long stay underground, its life in the open is very short. It lays its eggs which drop to the ground and disappear, thus beginning this apparently purposeless cycle anew.

C. R.

The Good Old Days Were Not So Good

Says J. M. MICHAELSON and tells
a few truths to prove it

A HEAVY shower of rain to-day, with money worth a drove me to seek shelter in an old bookshop in the Charing Cross Road and looking over the "junk" pile I found an "Almanac and Annual" for 1883, published in Norwich.

Before long I was being given vivid sidelights on life as it was in a typical English town in those safe, prosperous days of sixty years ago.

The "General Information" reminded me that we have had a 150 per cent. increase in the cost of sending a letter. In 1883 and, of course, until the last war, a letter went through the post for 1d. and a postcard for a halfpenny—exactly one quarter the cost to-day.

You could send a telegram of 20 words for a shilling, and that was the minimum charge, so there wasn't the need for the "telegrams" of to-day. An additional five words such as "sending you my fondest love" was hardly a luxury at 3d.

Income Tax was 6d. in the pound, but if your total income was below £400, you paid nothing on the first £120. With an income over £400, the guide records rather sadly, you paid 6d. on every pound without reduction. Super-tax had not been dreamt of.

Curiously enough, some other taxes were as high as they are

to-day, with money worth a great deal more in 1883. You paid 7s. 6d. for your dog, 10s. for your gun licence and £3 for your game licence. It is not surprising there were many poor folk in the country who fancied a bit of game but never dreamed of taking a game licence.

Taxes were no great burden sixty years ago—and in fact few people bore them, for you really had to be someone to pay £50 a year in income tax.

The Almanac gives the salaries of the local government officers. The clerk got £480—and would have paid about 10s. a week in income tax! But he was the only rich man amongst the officers. The surveyor got £40 a year, the Revisor of Assessments £100 a year, the District Medical Officers £80 a year, the Rate Collectors £110 and so on until we come to the salaries of the Workhouse officials when we see what pay was really like in those days.

The best-paid officials were the chaplain and master with £120 a year each. Under them was a numerous staff. The matron got £50, the schoolmaster £21 4s. 8d. a year, the taskmaster 10s. a week, the breadcutter 8s., the laundry-woman 4s. 6d.

The lowest paid nurse re-

ceived just one florin for her pianos from £18, with a very week's work! Incidentally her superior version at £23, gold title shows how much more carefully we choose our words now. To-day she would be assistant nurse in the mental ward. Then she was called "Assistant Attendant on Imbeciles"! The Workhouse was the workhouse and had not yet become the "infirmary" or the "institution."

Other things have changed, too. Under the title of "Facts Worth Knowing" the editor includes, as a novelty, "A married woman may have a banking account of her own money, independently of her husband's control." But perhaps in case this new freedom of wives should go to their heads he also records "A wife deserted by her husband cannot legally marry again."

And here was "another fact worth knowing" sixty years ago—"Under the Workshops Act women can be employed for not more than twelve hours daily."

A look through the numerous advertisements shows "gentlemen's suits," tailored to order in Scotch, Irish and homespun tweeds for 50s., a "noted" cigar in boxes of 25 for 3s. 3d.,

Spectacles possessing amongst "other Advantages over Glasses usually sold" that "They do not require repeatedly cleaning, like ordinary glasses, as the natural mist of the Eye does not affect them" are 1s. 6d. a pair.

Alcoholic drinks were not a great deal more than milk. Gin cost you 1s. 6d. a pint, rum 2s. and whisky 3s. a pint. But the real bargain, I think, is the cheapest fare from Liverpool to New York on "magnificent" full powered Iron Screw steamship. It cost you £4, "including abundance of cooked provisions." Even the saloon fare was only £22 return.

The Almanac gives interesting events for every day of the year. The eighties seem to have found their excitements in simple things like suicides which crop up every week!

Hands Wanted: Sockers and Slashers

"WHAT'S your job, mate?" "Tailor—spelt ER." "Go on; where'd you go to school?" "OR, you mean." "Not me; I plait horses' tails."

Now and again, in the halcyon days, a whole army of men and women spend long months compiling the where-withal for a national trade census. It fell to me once to take part, and that census, believe me, was like a story book. It brought to light all the queer trades one had heard about, but of which one had never really known the character.

Smith, of Blank Street, Blanktown, laid claim to being a backhander. That meant a blacksmith's assistant, and Smith must have been about the last of the few left. In these mechanised times there is seldom enough in the smithy business to justify the employment of an assistant. All the same, they're having a busy enough time at the moment.

Jones was a scribbling engineer, which seemed only half right in this man's case, until fuller information disclosed that he tended carding machines in a cotton mill.

Bricklayers, naturally, were legion, but one singled himself out as a "blue." A blue bricklayer, it seems, is a specialist in the trade—lining tunnels and sewers with acid-proof tiles.

You wouldn't think there was much about a wasp to excite interest. However, in the course of duty I made actual contact with a man whom we will call Buzz, and who made his living from wasps—exterminating them.

Also, there seemed little that Mr. Buzz did not know about the pests—the hornet, the common wasp that builds its nest in the ground, the tree variety whose home hangs in a tree. Exterminator, I said; yet there are apparently some wasps which have a useful purpose in life, fertilising such things as fig trees. Another fashions a particular kind of gall, or oak apple, from which ink used to be made.

Who would have thought soap needed tasting? There may be other ways of doing it, but one man living in the area under review tasted soap for a firm to determine the amount of free alkali their soap mixtures contain. He had held the job for 21 years, and liked it.

There are, of course, tasters of many sorts—wine, tea, water. Some water-tasters net four-figure salaries sipping the simple fluid from the Water Boards' aqueducts and certifying for human consumption.

Small wonder, perhaps, for the work makes essential the super-sensitive palate that comes only by total abstinence from smoking and the drinking of tea, coffee, and all hot liquids.

What one can learn about strange jobs on such an occasion as a trade census would fully stock an information bureau. I have discovered at different times a Kentish hovel-ler—a bargee employed to sail boats safely under Medway bridges. A hobbler from the Bristol Channel, and his job is to help pilots navigate vessels into port.

There were a socker and a slasher from Norwich—not official chuckers-out, these, but skilled workers in the shoe-making industry. Lookers and lagers turned out to be men engaged, respectively, in looking after sheep and coating pipes with heat-resisting paste.

Incidentally, did you know Hollywood has a kissing instructor? You might not credit it, but nearly every promising screen artiste has to learn the proper kisses, cuddles and caresses for public exhibition.

If you watch these film versions very closely, you may find out that they are not in line with the natural edition.

But if you do NOT spot the difference, then Hollywood will be delighted, for the professional skill of their kiss trainer will thereby be proved. He is a man well versed in the process.

Chewing-gum inspectors and fly-catchers, too, are hog-tied to the cinema business out Hollywood way, and incredibly strange are the things they have to do. In film plays depicting earlier history, men and women in the crowd scenes may be seen chewing gum. Spearmint, however, was not invented until centuries after the periods of these pictures.

A watchman is therefore detailed to keep a wary eye on the extras to ensure that their mouths are empty when they go on the set.

As much of a nuisance, in a different way, are Hollywood flies. Often there are eating scenes in a cinema play, and Hollywood finds it necessary

to employ men to stand watchfully by with a sprayer to shoo off any fly that trespasses either on food or features.

The thoughtless passage of a single fly across the visage of, say, Betty Grable or Gary Cooper might ruin a whole scene, necessitating expensive delays and re-takes. Pains-taking work by the fly-catchers may mean the saving of thousands of dollars.

J. Fleetwood

CAMEOS

TWO Merchant Navy men, brother Scots, who wound up a shore celebration in Southampton by smashing a shop window, found themselves in the wrong "dock" next morning, charged with committing wilful damage.

An officer of their ship, called upon to speak as to the character of the two "bad lads," told the Bench feelingly: "They are the only cooks on the ship, and we are more or less starving until they come back."

The magistrates' decided to impose fines, and the officer offered to pay them with alacrity!

WHEN it was suggested to a working man, who had also got into trouble through over-indulgence that he should give up drink for three months, he replied:—

"But there are certain times when I have to go to the pub."

"Why?" asked the chairman of the Bench.

"I have to go and look for my foreman," was the reply.

EPITAPHS I'VE SEEN

By ALEC CRACKER.

The shortest— "Thorpe's Corpse."

IN MAINE U.S.A.

Our little Jacob has been taken

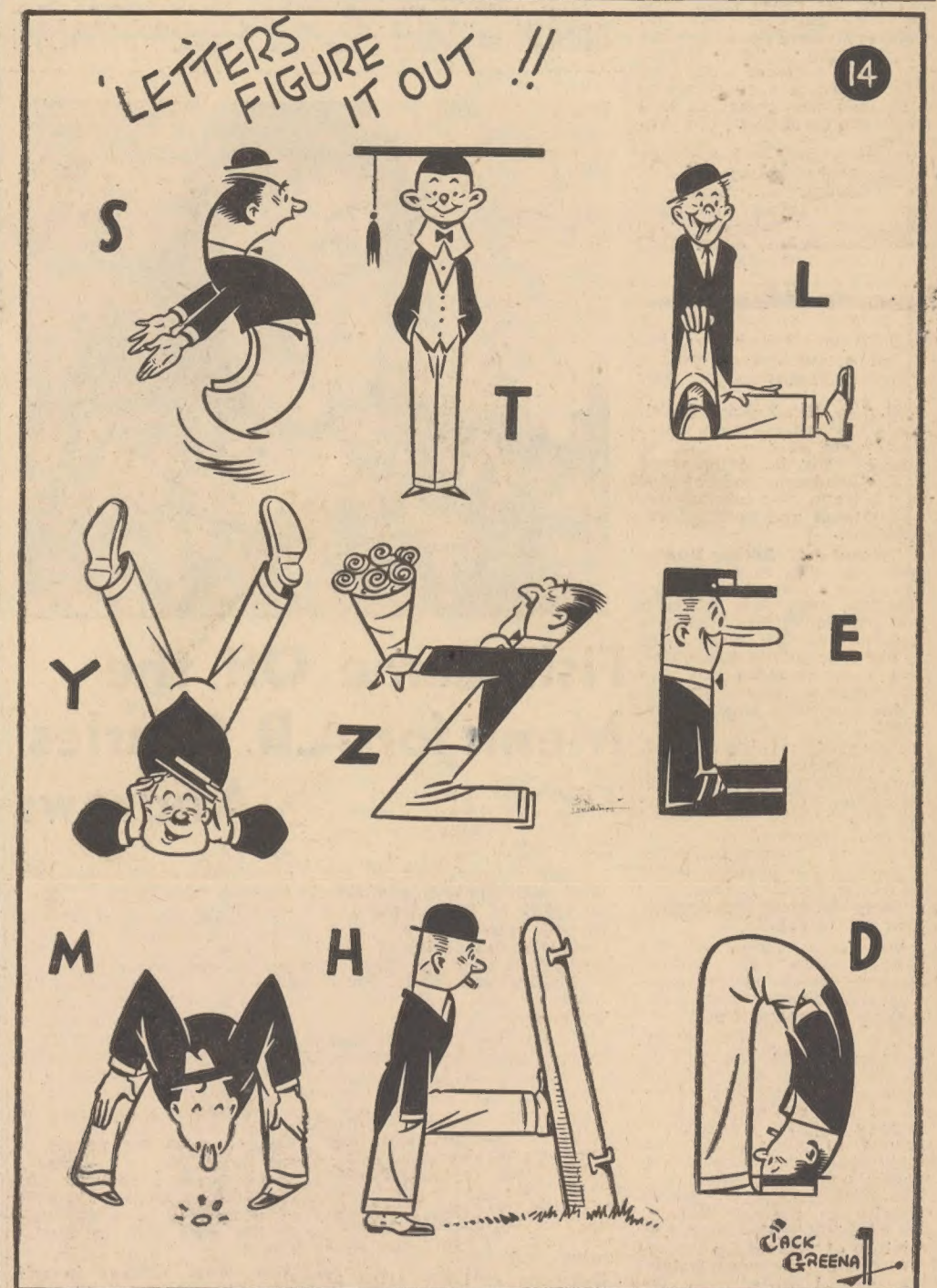
From this earthly garden, to Bloom in the superior Flower-pot above.

Here lies the corpse of Doctor Chard.

Who filled the half of This Churchyard.

Too bad for Heaven!

Too good for Hell.



DRAW WITH JACK GREENALL. Little figures. A man I knew turned his car into a street! We go one better here, we turn little men into alphabetical letters. Copy these, then try a little magic in this direction yourself.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THE stamp editor of the "New York Times," Kent B. Styles, has again made his annual compilation of postage stamps issued during the year, and some of the figures for 1944 will surprise collectors.

To date (he writes), 111 governments have reported the issuing of 1,765 major and minor varieties of stamps, including about 800 attributed to war conditions. Information regarding the other postal items released during the past few weeks undoubtedly will be available shortly.

Hundreds more are expected to be reported after the censorship curtain rises, so that collectors can know what has been going on in Burma, Federated Malay States, French Indo-China, Hong Kong, Japan, Manchuria, Philippines, Netherlands East Indies, Straits Settlements, Thailand, and Japanese-occupied China.



Of the 1,765 known new varieties, France led with 282, followed by Russia, 74; Italy, 70; China, 68; United States and Switzerland, each 61; Belgium, 46; Ecuador, 43; Venezuela, 42; and Dominican Republic and Lebanon, each 38. These eleven governments alone issued nearly one-half of the total.

Of the 1,765 varieties, 372, or about one-fifth, are products of twenty American republics, Panama being the only country in this group to provide nothing. These 372 include 61 issued by the United States; 52 revenues, six commemoratives, two special deliveries, and one air mail item.

Approximately one-third of the year's total are commemoratives, the number being 581 released by forty-five governments, France leading with 168. Of the 581, eighteen American republics issued 179, or nearly 31 per cent.

Thirty-six governments printed 266 air-mail items, Venezuela leading with 67. Of the total, 144, or 54 per cent., are products of sixteen American republics.

Fewer semi-postals appeared this year, the total, put forth by thirty-three countries, being 234, or 13 per cent. of the total 1,765 new varieties. As usual, European lands took the lead in issuing charity items, fourteen being responsible for 161 of the 234. Belgium produced the most semi-postals, 39.



Occupation stamps reported total 77—in France and Italy under Allied control, in France during Italian invasion, in Yugoslavia under Italy, in Poland under Germany, and in Burma and Sumatra under Japan.

In other classifications there have been 67 officials, 28 postal tax items, and 14 military stamps, 14 postage dues, 11 parcel post stamps, 11 postal fiscals, eight special deliveries, four franchise items, four insured letter stamps.

At the foot of this column is illustrated a miniature sheet of two stamps issued by the Swiss postal authorities in anticipation of the centenary of the appearance of the first stamp to be issued by the Canton of Basle, the famous Basle Dove, which actually appeared on July 1, 1845. Printed in grey-blue, red and black, they are sold at a premium of 2f. 80 on face value for the single stamp, or 3f. 20 for the sheet, in aid of the national fund "Pro Juventute." Face value is 10c.

The design, made by Eugene and Max Lenz, of Zurich, is a facsimile of the original design of 100 years ago. It is inscribed in French, German and Italian.



Good Morning

Tally Ho's Adoption Party . . .

On this page are the pictures (the ones that were fit to print!) of the carryings-on at the party thrown for the crew of "Tally-Ho" by the staff of Potter Rax — see Shop Talk. We kick off with a group of the lads and lassies (they had all got leave of their Dads) getting acquainted.



A touching—and highly appreciated—rendering of "Fascinating You" was supplied by Miss Rosie Bryant and A.B. Ken Lockyer. Pint pots splintered in pieces when Ken hit top C!



Leading Seaman (Jerry) Jerrard is very interested in the working of a lathe, demonstrated by Miss Alice Olgard. We think we could get interested in a lathe, too—if we had the same instructor.



There's nothing like "Knees Up, Mother Brown," for breaking the ice! And after a good lunch in the canteen at the Factory, these boys and girls felt in need of a few limbering-up exercises in preparation for the evening's frolics.



After the Factory Party came the visit to the Film Studios at Denham. Here you see a bunch of boys giving film star Celia Johnson "the rush." They watched Celia filming in "Brief Encounter"—and, judging by the expressions on the faces, they seem to think that the encounter was all too brief!



Above you see a little of the real stuff going the rounds at the "do" provided by Stewart Granger in the Studio canteen.

Phil Shipway wanted to put on a real "leg show" for his guests. Here you see him trying to encourage one of the girls to lift 'em higher.

